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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV.D H.B.COX

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY BOYS COX,

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

I am yours in Christ Jesus,
Henry B. Cox

W. Sprent, Lith. Exeter

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY BOYS COX,

Wesleyan Minister.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

WITH SEVERAL OF HIS LETTERS.

"BE FOLLOWERS OF THEM WHO THROUGH FAITH AND PATIENCE INHERIT THE PROMISES." *Hebrews* vi. 12.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is but right to observe to the perusers of this Memoir, that the late Rev. H. B. Cox, when writing it, had no idea that it would ever be published; but wrote it simply to gratify the desire of his sister, who wished to have some account of his conversion to God, and also a concise history of his labors in the work of the ministry. Moreover, it was written at intervals during his illness; and thus, owing to the weakness of body, depression of spirits, and anxiety of mind, under which he generally labored, some things may not be so explicitly described as they would have been had he been in the enjoyment of health, and had he had any idea of its ever being published.

However, it is confidently hoped, that the readers of this Memoir will not dwell so much on the errors

detected, or omissions discovered, as on the excellencies herein recorded, and which were so eminently displayed in the life of the subject of this Memoir. His career, though short, was most useful and exemplary, and is well calculated to afford instruction. He enjoyed much of the sunshine of the Divine favor and approbation—much of

"Glory begun below"—

much of "the fulness of God," only because he "walked *with* God," and labored *for* God. He was made eminently useful in hastening the coming of the Redeemer's kingdom, only because he wrestled with God for it, labored for it, and expected it; and now he "shines as a star in the firmament" as the result (not the *merit*, but the *result*) of having "turned *many* to righteousness."

If this brief account of the life, labors, and happy death of the late Rev. H. B. Cox should stimulate others to aspire to more excellent things, as it is hoped it will, the compilers will feel amply rewarded.

August, 1851.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE — RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS — DELAY TO BECOME DECIDED FOR GOD — SERIOUS REFLECTIONS OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER — CONVICTIONS — CONVERSION — APPRENTICESHIP AND SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

I was born at Sherborne, in the county of Dorset, June 5th, 1825. My parents were blessed with a knowledge of salvation, and endeavoured to train their children for heaven. Early in life religious impressions were made on my mind. I remember on one occasion, while listening to a discourse setting forth the terrors of a coming judgment, the destruction of the world, and the awful doom of the wicked, to have trembled and prayed much; I knew I was a sinner, and unfit to appear before God; the judge appeared to be my enemy, and his frown seemed to be fixed upon me. These feelings, however, were very transient, yet they often returned. On another occasion, when nearly five years of age, I was induced, through curiosity, to secrete myself behind the door of the room in which my Father met his class: I heard my mother and others speak of the goodness of God; and one said, she hoped to have the victory at last, yea,

to be "more than conqueror through the blood of Christ." "Oh!" I thought, "what a pleasant, happy thing to have the victory—to be more than conqueror." I saw then the glory and excellency of religion, and felt a measure of love to the Saviour. At this time I took pleasure in reading portions of scripture, especially the Psalms; my general deportment was grave and serious, so that my friends concluded that I should, at some time, be called to the *important* work of the Christian Ministry. But, alas! through the force of evil example, the deceitfulness of sin and my own heart, I was drawn aside from the fear of God, I lost my religious impressions, and became very wicked and careless; yet the spirit of God did not cease to strive with me; often have I felt the powerful influence from above while listening to the sound of the gospel. The alarming truths of a future judgment and a hell of torment, made deep impressions upon my mind, while I was led to exclaim, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Once, in particular, I recollect to have been much affected by the solemn appeals of a servant of God, and especially when he urged the people to immediate decision. "Shall Victory, Victory," said he, "be echoed to night through the regions of the damned! not one soul awakened! not one converted to God!" I trembled, wept, and prayed; but came to no decision. On another occasion I attended a love-feast, principally for the purpose of hearing some young friends of my acquaintance speak, and of turning it into ridicule. I was disappointed, however, in my expectations; for while there, the Holy Spirit operated powerfully on my mind, so that I thought no more of what others said, but was led to think of my sins, and my heart grew sad. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," shone into my heart, revealing to me my need of mercy through Jesus Christ. The rock was

smitten, and the waters gushed forth. For weeks after this, I felt great tenderness of spirit, and an ardent desire to be a christian.

When I was in my fifteenth year my mother died. Her life had testified that she belonged to Christ, and in death he did not forsake her. She "died in the Lord." This bereavement I felt very deeply. I was greatly attached to my mother, and delighted in her company. Often did she counsel me for my good; told me while very young, of Jesus, his power to save, and his sufferings and love; exhorted and entreated me to turn from my iniquities. Many prayers, ardent prayers, did she offer for my salvation, and many tears did she shed over my carelessness and hardness of heart. On these marks of parental kindness, yearning and christian love, I thought, as I stood by her dying bed; and I deeply repented of my sins and disobedience, and firmly resolved to become decided for God and Christ. As I reflected on the peace and hope which religion affords in death, I thought I would, *I would,* forsake my sins and endeavour to meet my mother in the realms of light. But, alas! these feelings also were "as the morning cloud and as the early dew,"—in a few weeks they vanished away. Being deprived of maternal influence and counsel, and placed among the ungodly, I plunged into greater depths of sin than I had done before: I was in no wise inferior to my companions in almost every sin, but especially in my dislike to the people of God. I rejoiced in iniquity and gloried in my shame; and not only did I do wickedly myself, but I endeavoured also to influence others; and I fear many were made worse by my example and conversation. I was then indeed commencing that course of iniquity, in which, if I had continued, would quickly have ruined body and soul,—my body would have been laid in the grave, and my soul in hell.

But O the depth! the riches! of the goodness, long-suffering

and forbearance of God! When on the brink of the pit, just ready to sink into eternal ruin, He hastened to my rescue and plucked the sinner from the flames, and quenched the brand in Jesu's blood. The Father beheld me when afar off, and, forgetting my sin and misery, He had compassion, and ran to meet me, yea, fell on my neck and kissed me. The Saviour of sinful men stood between me and the flames of hell,—stood with outstretched arm and pitying eye; the spirit woo'd and invited, and pointed me to the cross: blessed be God I yielded and obeyed.

In 1840, while I was in a retired place, careless and unconcerned, thinking neither of God or Eternity, the Holy Spirit came suddenly and irresistibly upon me. So powerful was the call, that it appeared to me that an "arrow from the Almighty" had pierced and fastened in my heart—my inmost soul. Immediately a mighty change passed upon me. I was before very thoughtless and trifling; I then became serious and sad, and sought to be alone: before, I was full of expectation, my spirits were lively, and I looked forward with eager anticipation to the gay scenes unfolding to me in the world; but now, in the light of eternity, I looked on the world as a dream—a shadow—unsatisfying and unsubstantial; my expectations were blighted, my hopes cut off, my spirits crushed, my existence became a blank, and the world a dreary wilderness.

"The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, so that the sorrows of death compassed me about, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me." I found no rest to my troubled spirit; life appeared a burden; and every object that met my gaze was full of misery and gloom. I wandered about in the fields and roads and retired places, pouring out my complaint before God. I groaned and wept, (though oftentimes my feelings were too big for tears,) but all in vain. I thought the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, far happier than I; for they had not sinned,

nor slighted a Saviour's love. Fear and astonishment took hold upon me so that I could not look up. Often have I been afraid to close my eyes in sleep, lest I should open them in hell; and when I have been walking in the road or field, the consideration of my guilt and danger has so surprised me, that I have not dared to proceed a step farther, lest the earth should open its mouth and swallow me up, and I should go down alive into the pit. Sometimes in the morning when I have been praying, I have thought it of no use, for I should be dead, and my soul lost before the night. At other times when my sorrow was less poignant, I was accustomed to meditate seriously on death, religion, God, and eternity. I have sat for hours "counting the cost." The word of God was not unknown to me; I saw clearly the nature of religion, the course of self-denial and watchfulness which must be adopted if I became a Christian; I did not look merely at the example of professed Christians, but I looked at the Christian character as delineated in the word of God; and I knew I must give up every sin, separate myself at once from my evil companions, take up the cross—and that on every occasion, and probably endure much reproach and persecution. On the other hand, the delights of sin rose up before my view; walking, (as I had done before,) in the ways of my heart, and in the sight of my eyes, fulfilling my purposes, following my pleasures, and living as I desired. These thoughts often occupied my mind, and sometimes I was on the point of deciding for sin and the world; yet religion would present its claims, and the pangs of conviction so surprise me, that I was fain to relinquish all thoughts of the world, and again bewail my wretched condition. At this time my state much resembled Bunyan's Pilgrim, endeavouring to escape from the City of Destruction. "I saw a man," it is said, "standing in a certain place, with his

face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do?' I saw also that he looked *this* way and *that* way, as if he would run, yet he stood still, because, I perceived, he could not tell which way to go." In a similar manner, I wandered about in the fields, with the burden of my sins on my back, the word of God in my hand, and the curse of God on my head. I have often sought to fly from myself and the load of my iniquites, and have often broke out into a bitter and lamentable cry, "What must I do to be saved?" At length, by the grace of God, I came to a full decision: I reflected that though a life of religion involved much self-denial and mortification, yet it was better for me to lose a right hand or a right eye, than to lose body and soul for ever; and although a life of ungodliness and worldly delights may appear pleasing for awhile, yet I must soon leave the world, and at death all its honors and pleasures would fade away. And when I came to a full decision for God, it was not long before he revealed to me his adopting love; even as it is said of the children of Israel,—In the self-same day that they acknowledged the Lord to be their God, He acknowledged them to be His people. I well remember the spot where God "revealed His Son in me," and made me unspeakably happy in His love. It was a lonely place to which I had retired, with a full determination to obtain mercy, if mercy was for me. I bowed myself before God, and

> "*Groaned* the sinner's only plea,
> God be merciful to *me*."

I told the Lord that he had given His Son to redeem such poor miserable sinners as I was, — that Christ had died — died in

agonies—died on the cross—*died for me*,—that I had given up my sins, and had become decided for heaven,—that I was come for mercy, and I was resolved not to go before I obtained the mercy I sought. While I was pleading the promises, I was led up the Hill of Calvary; and as I gazed on the cross, the fountain of tears was opened, and the great deep of my heart was broken up; I could no longer doubt of the love of Christ to me; with the Apostle I could say, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me!*" I saw the fountain opened in His side—opened for *me*,—and felt the virtue of that blood shed on Calvary—and shed for *me*; my burden of sins fell from my back, my sorrow was turned into joy, and my mourning into songs of deliverance. By faith I received the atonement, and "rejoiced in hope of the glory of God;" I could now look to God as my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus. The witness of adoption was strong and clear. The Spirit cried in my heart, and I was filled with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." I now desired to go to Him whom my soul loved; I longed to be dissolved,—"to depart, and be with Christ;" I was carried on the wings of love to Pisgah's top,—I saw the goodly land; with Simeon, I could exclaim, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." My eyes had seen the Lamb of God, and I wanted to look on no other object. O what a powerful, happy change! I who not long before had called to the rocks to fall on me and the mountains to cover me, could now utter nothing else but "come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" I who looked for nothing but "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," saw nought before me but an opening grave and a yawning hell, now looked for "glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life." Such was my conversion; and so clear and satisfactory has it always appeared to my mind, that I have never doubted of its reality. The fruits of this change were evident, I

trust, to all who knew me. I was now very low and mean in my own eyes; I esteemed others better than myself. I sank at the feet of Jesus, and ascribed to Him all praise, all majesty, and all love. I had an ardent love to the people of God. I loved the impress of the Divine character, and desired, yea, endeavoured to tread in the steps of those who had been eminently distinguished in the service of God. I was *entirely* changed; "old things were *passed away, all things* became new." My will was brought into a state of *entire* subjection to God; my affections were "set on things above;" the language of my heart was, "None but Christ! None but Christ! 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee.'"

Soon after my conversion, I was apprenticed to Mr. Foxwell, an Ironmonger of Shepton Mallet. In my new situation I experienced many trials; and, through unwatchfulness, suffered a declension in my religious experience. It is true, I did not wickedly or openly depart from God; but I was careless and forgetful of duty, and neglected to deny myself and take up my cross daily. In consequence, an insensibility and selfishness obtained the victory over my mind and affections. So long as I secured my own salvation, I thought little about the salvation of others. I possessed no anxiety—no tender pity—no ardent love for the souls of poor perishing sinners. I now no longer possessed that "joy unspeakable," that love to Christ, that love to the people of God, which I felt when I first received the atonement. "The fine gold became dim, the wine mixed with water;" yet the Lord did not forsake me; oh, no! I experienced many delightful manifestations of his love; the light of heaven often shone into my mind, and the love of Christ filled my heart, enabling me to rejoice as in months past. These gracious visitations were the chief means of keeping me at that time from total apostacy from God.

CHAPTER II.

RENEWAL OF SPIRITUAL LIFE — ANXIETY FOR THE SALVATION OF OTHERS — EFFORTS — SUCCESS — ACCOUNT OF A REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN THE SHEPTON MALLET CIRCUIT —ENJOYS ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION — VISITS HIS BROTHER IN STAFFORDSHIRE, AND ALSO THE BANWELL CIRCUIT.

When I had been some months at Shepton Mallet, it pleased God, by the thunder of His power, to awaken me out of the sleep into which I was sunk. I was particularly affected in reading the lives of some devoted servants of God, especially the life of Brainerd. I saw in them a zeal, a love, a devotedness, a spirit of humility and self-mortification, of which I knew I was destitute; and as I read, I ardently longed to imitate their bright example. At this time, I was also much moved under a sermon preached from these words,—"O Lord, revive Thy work!" It was then that I saw clearly the state of sinners around me; I beheld them going, *hastening* to the flames of hell; I saw the poor wretches standing on the crumbling brink of perdition, and exposed to the fierce wrath of God and a yawning hell. O, what I felt for them! I shall never forget my first feelings of love, pity, and tenderness; I could tell what the Psalmist meant when he said, "Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked;—Rivers of water run down mine eyes because men keep not Thy

law;" with the Prophet I could exclaim, "O that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people;" and with Mordecai, I was ready to clothe myself in sackcloth, to put dust on my head, and to mourn for the people with an exceeding bitter cry, because of the destruction which every moment awaited them. My heart was enlarged in love to all mankind; and so ardently did I long for the coming of the Saviour's Kingdom—the salvation of sinners—that I seemed to lose sight of myself; my thoughts, my desires, my prayers, my efforts were all directed to the good of others. These feelings for souls are *difficult to express.* It is a burden—a load, which sometimes becomes almost insupportable. It is a continual heaviness of soul, caused by a clear sense of the misery and sin of men, the holiness of God, and the perishing condition of men; it is a "travailing in birth,"—a measure of that untold solicitude for the souls of perishing sinners which filled the heart of the Redeemer; it is such a conformity to the suffering Son of God—such a participation in His passion and spirit, that the blood of the cross again, as it were, streams forth in us—in our tones of earnest entreaty and wrestling *earnestness* for the welfare of men.

At the same time, or rather previous to this, I was restored to my "first love;" and it was the "love of Christ that constrained" me to pity and love the purchase of His blood. "The candle of the Lord shone upon my head, the secret of God was upon my tabernacle." My communion with God was deep and constant; I enjoyed many seasons of unspeakable comfort; I could rejoice in the prospect of death, yea, glory in dissolution near.

My earliest efforts in the cause of Christ and for His glory, were in visiting the sick, and in the distribution of religious

tracts: in both these duties my soul has been greatly blessed. On one occasion, hearing of the illness of a man,—poor in this world, and wretched in the view of another,—a Local Preacher and myself went to see him. We found him lying on a bed of straw, with scarcely any other article of furniture in the room; his countenance was pale, and his look miserable and despairing. When we had conversed with him, we found he was a backslider. He had known the love of God; he could once rejoice in the prospect of glory, and look up to God as his Father, and to Heaven as his home. These, he acknowledged, were happy days, but they were gone,—gone, he feared, for ever; and now he was a wretched, desponding, backslider. He knew his state; he acknowledged that he had "sinned a great sin in 'departing from God,'" and that now he felt willing to return. After having conversed with him for some time, we knelt down and prayed. As we interceded with God for him, his convictions deepened, his concern increased, his sorrow became so great that he groaned and cried aloud for mercy. At length, that mercy which he so earnestly desired, visited his soul; and he exclaimed, with a fervour which I shall not soon forget,

> "'He *breaks* the power of cancell'd sin,
> He sets the prisoner free;
> His blood can make the foulest clean;
> His blood avail'd for *me*.'

His blood, *yes, His blood* availed for ME, *a poor backsliding sinner*. O the depth of the mercy of God! my backslidings are healed,—my soul is happy! Glory, *glory*, be to God!" It was a deeply affecting sight, to see this poor man; before so miserable, now so happy, praising God, and exhorting his wife and daughter (who were in tears) to come to the Saviour. "O Mary," he said, "seek mercy while it may be found; the grace

of God for all is free; I have felt it, and you may feel it." In this happy state he continued for a few days, and then his redeemed spirit departed to be with Christ; his death was triumphant,—he was "more than conqueror." A widely different scene I soon after witnessed,—the death of an unconverted sinner. Shall I ever forget the rolling eye,—the gloom and despair in his face,—the hopeless shake of the head, as one asked him, "Are you happy?—Have you any hope?" He was one who had lived with scarcely one serious thought; although surrounded by the light of the gospel, his mind was dark, and his heart hard; rarely did his feet tread the hallowed courts of God's house; *he LIVED without God,—he DIED without hope.*

Hearing a Minister speak of the propriety of every member of the church selecting a certain person for whose salvation prayer and particular effort should be made, I immediately began praying for my fellow apprentice; I continued to pray for him *for two years*, and when I was on the point of giving over, then the Lord converted his soul; and he is now a Local Preacher in the Methodist connexion. At that time, I not only prayed for him, but I selected several others; I kept a list of names, and prayed for each separately every day. In reference to many, I know not the result; they continued unchanged while I knew them; perhaps they are so now: but others, for whom I prayed, have found mercy, and are now living in the enjoyment of the Divine favor. Blessed be God!

When I had been nearly two years in Shepton Mallet, I was strongly impressed to warn sinners to 'fly from the wrath to come.' I opened my mind to an elder Local Preacher, Mr. George Fox, who is well known and respected in that circuit. He approved of my design, and took me with him the following Sunday, when I opened my commission in a small village, called Vobster. After this, I continued to exhort occasionally in the

neighbouring villages. In reference to my call to the ministry, I can say, with truth, it is as clear as the noon-day sun; I know that "a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." In my short experience it has been no pleasant path; I have often in the discharge of this duty, been seized with such surprize and dread, that my soul has been ready to "choose strangling rather than life." When I have preached to sinners, and all in vain—no effect produced, no souls saved,—I have said, "'Send by whom Thou wilt send,' but let *me* die; since I am no better than my fathers, O let me lie down in the grave, and preach no more." Yet at such times, "the word of the Lord was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing and I could not stay." In my public labors in the Shepton Mallet circuit I met with but little encouragement. My object was the glory of God, and the salvation of sinners; and for this I prayed, wept, and labored,—but all appeared in vain. If my call to the solemn work had not been very clear and satisfactory to my own mind, I should, doubtless, have given up, because I saw no fruit of my ministry,—no sinners converted to God! I knew the Lord had called me to speak in His name, and if I was not useful in one circuit I should be in another. I felt persuaded that I should make full proof of my ministry, though, as yet, no proof appeared.

After I became a Local Preacher it was my custom to pray for every place in the circuit, for a general quickening and revival of the work of God,—sometimes collectively, but oftener for each place separately; I believe for every Village round Shepton Mallet, I have wrestled with God for a blessing upon its inhabitants. This was the continual burden of my prayer, "Lord save souls! save them by scores,—by hundreds! save them quickly!" In the evening I generally went to some

retired place,—in the field, under the hedge, or in a barn,—and there poured out my soul before God; my cry has often ascended to heaven from such spots. At this time I used great earnestness and importunity: with Jacob I have said, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me;' and the Lord has often blessed me; I have felt a conviction that my prayer had power with God, and that I obtained the gift unspeakable.

At length, in answer to prayer, the Lord graciously visited the Shepton Mallet circuit. The "good work" commenced at a village called Coleford, inhabited principally by colliers. The Spirit of God influenced the leading members of the church to pray and labor more earnestly and continually for the salvation of sinners around them; the church generally was quickened. God heard the pleadings of His people, and in a meeting held for prayer in a private house, the work broke out;—sinners, on every hand, were melted down before God, and constrained to cry for mercy. After this, meetings were held in the Chapel every night for some weeks; the Leaders' pew was crowded with persons in distress, and sometimes thirty would obtain peace with God in one evening. The face of the neighbourhood became entirely changed,—cries for mercy or songs of praise were heard in every direction. Religion became the *chief*, and for some time the *only*, subject of conversation; and almost every one appeared to be under religious concern. This great and glorious work extended to nearly every place in the circuit: from every village we heard the glad news of the awakening and conversion of sinful men, and we rejoiced as those who had found great spoil.

"Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

The streams of salvation reached us also at Shepton Mallet, and

many were "the saved of the Lord." Our meetings were often as the foretaste of heaven. How my soul exulted in God! sometimes the glory of the Lord filled the place, and we saw His "goings in the sanctuary." The Spirit's influence rested on the church, and many were stirred up to seek a deeper work of grace. The work of conviction, conversion, and sanctification went on, and glorious were the results. Although there might have been some circumstances connected with this work which would appear objectionable, and which we could wish had not been witnessed, yet it was, evidently, *a work of God.* This will appear if we look at the subjects, and the nature of the change wrought. The subjects were persons of all classes, and of every age. There were young children, not more than five or six years old, giving a clear testimony of their acceptance with God; aged men just dropping into the grave, looking to Christ, and experiencing the saving efficacy of His blood; strong men, in the flower and vigour of life, were subdued by the power of the cross, and fell at the Saviour's feet, saying with Julian, the Apostate, (but in a different sense,) "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Persons of respectable station in society—men of intelligence and influence—became the followers of the Lord Jesus; the poor, also, heard "the joyful sound," and were made "rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom." In many characters the most marked change was effected:—the intemperate became sober, and put far from them the intoxicating cup; the swearer no more indulged in words of cursing and bitterness, but of prayer and praise to God; the Sabbath-breaker learned to keep holy the day of the Lord; the most wild, profligate, and abandoned characters became the consistent members and humble followers of the Lord Jesus.

I do not wish to intimate, for a moment, that it was my prayers only that instrumentally brought about this great work.

It is true, I prayed, and prayed earnestly; but I doubt not many others did the same, and probably with equal earnestness; yet, if my supplications, prayers, and tears had the least effect in bringing about this gracious revival, to God be all the praise.

Soon after this, I was earnestly concerned to obtain a deeper work of grace—"the perfect love of God"—*entire* sanctification. Many times previous to this, I felt I loved God with all my heart, and could freely testify "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" but now I wanted the witness, clear and bright,—the sky unclouded,—and the evidence of the work abiding. For some weeks I continued in prayer that God would "sanctify me *wholly*, and that I might be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." I saw that this grace was instantaneous in its reception,—that it was obtained and retained by faith, *faith in Christ*; the language of my heart was,

"'That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain.'"

About this time, I was appointed to hold a love-feast at a neighbouring village; I looked forward to the time as one of grace and power, and I particularly prayed that (if not before) God would meet and fully save me there. I went to the place full of desire and expectation. During the whole service, a Divine influence rested on myself and on the people. At the love-feast many spoke of enjoying the favor of God, and the forgiveness of sins; others of the full salvation of the Gospel. I also testified my desire—my *ardent* desire—to "enter into the rest which remaineth to the people of God." At the close of the love-feast while pleading with God, in earnest prayer, for the manifestation of that grace for which I longed, I felt the

"Refining fire go through my heart,"

burning up the chaff of sin, and purifying my soul from all sinful defilement, so that I could say, with confidence, "I know that the Spirit of God, through faith in the blood of Christ, hath cleansed me from all sin." I testified, before the people, what God had done for me; and many present will, I believe, never forget the events of that evening. Since that time I have kept one object in view,—the cry of my heart has been to glorify God, to do His will on earth as angels do in heaven. It is true, I have not, at all times, kept the evidence of entire sanctification,—my sky has been sometimes clouded; but, generally, I have been enabled to "reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

My apprenticeship being expired, I went for a few weeks to Stafford, on a visit to my brother. While in those parts, I saw signal displays of the power of saving grace. At a village called Cannock Wood, the spirit of the Lord was poured out in a remarkable manner; night after night the chapel was filled with attentive hearers, and often with the glory of God; frequently did the cry for mercy ascend to heaven, and often there was "joy in heaven over repenting sinners." The people came from miles round, and many went home deeply convinced of their fallen state, and calling upon God for mercy; others returned rejoicing in God their Saviour. The Vales were often rendered vocal with the voice of praise ascending from different bands returning from the house of God. These were "days of the Son of man," and many "looked to Him," and were "saved." To instance a few cases:—A young woman, of serious deportment—of a moral and amiable character, was deeply convinced of sin while hearing the "Parable of the ten Virgins" explained and enforced; she continued in the chapel until she beheld, by the eye of faith, the Lord Jesus Christ extended on the cross; she

looked, and was healed,—she believed, and was saved. After living for some time in the favour of God, and giving full proof of the reality of the change, she was called to die. An extract from a letter written by her brother, (who was converted about the same time,) will shew how she met the last enemy. He says,—"Throughout her illness her heart seemed far from earth,—it was fixed above; not a murmur escaped her lips; such lamb-like patience I never saw before. Two nights before she became insensible, my mother being by her side, said, 'to those that endure to the end the crown is sure.' She added, 'they are coming! and we shall never part again; O how sweet!' On being asked what was 'sweet,' she replied, 'Don't you hear that beautiful singing? how sweet it is.' Her mother saying, 'You are resting on the merits of Christ,' her eyes brightened, and a smile was on her lips, while with her remaining strength she answered, 'Oh! yes!' These were nearly her last words, and soon after she departed to be with Christ."

A young man, a collier, on passing the place where a pious member of our society was working, heard him saying, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." The words made a deep impression on the mind of the young man; through the day he thought much upon them; and in the evening he went to the chapel, and heard a sermon from the same passage of scripture. This coincidence induced him immediately to decide for God; he came forward and sought, and found mercy the same evening; he is now, I believe, engaged as a Local Preacher.

A woman who was in the habit of attending the chapel, was brought under a concern for her soul, and professed to find peace with God. On this, her husband, (a wild, wicked, man,) was much enraged, and one evening, while she was attending public service, he came to the door of the chapel, and threatened

all kinds of violence if his wife persisted to attend; however the Lord stopped him, and defeated his intention; the next evening I had the happiness of seeing him "at the feet of Jesus," crying, "Have mercy on me." It appeared that on going home the preceding night, he felt a strange uneasiness of mind; he went to bed, but could not rest; at length, he sent for some of our people to pray with him. His convictions were deep, and they continued long; but (blessed be God!) they resulted in his conversion to God.

A man related in a love feast, the following:— "Two years ago I went to see a relation of mine, who was in a dying state. At that time I imagined my state to be good and secure. As soon as he saw me, he stretched out his emaciated arm and said, in a solemn tone, 'Thomas, Thomas, you are going to hell as fast as time can carry you.' I did not think much of these words at the time. I still went on in my sins until hearing there was a good work at Cannock Wood, I went one evening to hear the preaching, and, under the sermon, my sins came to my remembrance; I thought of the words of my uncle; and I saw and felt I was indeed going to hell headlong; I began calling upon God, and the same night I felt His pardoning love, and now I am happy.

From Staffordshire, I went to the Banwell Circuit; and there, in two or three places, I "saw the grace of God, and was glad." At Rickford, there was a considerable movement among the women employed in a paper manufactory; many of these were brought under serious impressions, and some became changed characters. I shall not soon forget one evening in Blagdon Chapel; many came forward, among whom were three sisters, (daughters of a neighbouring farmer,) and nearly all found salvation at the same time. Oh! what an evening of praise and rejoicing! An individual on listening to the sermon, in

which it was said, "though your sins may be as black as hell, yet the blood of Christ can wash them all away,"—she thought, immediately, "It is I; my sins are as black as hell; and O if there is mercy for me, I am resolved to seek it to night; if the blood of Christ can wash away my sins, O let it be done this evening." She came up, and mercy was her's; she went home rejoicing in God. At Wedmore, the Lord was "raised up out of His holy habitation" to have mercy on sinners; many backsliders were humbled before God; confessed they had fallen from grace, and were now wretched and miserable. Many sinners acknowledged "the day of" their gracious "visitation," gave up their sins, and turned to God. There was a gracious work among the elder children of the Sabbath school; many of these knelt at the feet of Jesus, and, with great earnestness and flowing tears, besought His mercy; that mercy they found, and were made happy in God. The Lord abundantly blessed His people, and sent "the early and the latter rain." On one occasion, I went to visit a family, respectably connected, the principal part of whose members were unconverted. I soon began talking to them concerning death and a future state; after conversing some time, I knelt down and prayed with, and for, them. Soon after I had left, the youngest daughter, (a very gay and thoughtless young person,) came in, and her mother told her what I had said; this (being applied by the Spirit) produced a deep effect on the mind of the daughter; her sins were brought to her recollection, and she "thought on her ways, and turned her feet to God's testimonies;" for many days she was in great trouble of mind; at length, her bands were snapped asunder, and her soul set at glorious liberty. Afterward a brother and a sister were brought into the fold of Christ; and, I believe, the mother also: so that now nearly the whole family are "the saved of the Lord."

CHAPTER III.

BECOMES AN ASSISTANT PREACHER IN THE SHERBORNE CIRCUIT — SUCCESS THERE — TRAVELS IN THE WHITEHAVEN CIRCUIT — VISITS CLEATON AND AMBLESIDE — LABORS IN THE ST. AGNES CIRCUIT — SPECIAL SERVICES AND GOOD EFFECTED.

After this, I was engaged for some months in the Sherborne circuit as an assistant Preacher. In the town of Stalbridge, we had three weeks of protracted meetings; prayer meetings in the morning at six o'clock, and preaching or exhortation every night; the attendance was good, and often the chapel was crowded. I felt much for the people, who were almost universally living in sin and forgetful of God. On the first Wednesday the Lord made bare his arm in the awakening of many sinners; the words of the Gospel took effect on many hearts, and on the following night ten or twelve professed to find peace with God. On the following Sunday morning many more came forward and "found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." The subject of religion became the leading topic of conversation; one invited another to come to the Methodist chapel, saying, "Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did:" the people came, and many went away under deep impressions. The good effected at that time, the day of eternity will unfold; some have "died in the

faith," and many more are on their way to the new Jerusalem above. In some other places in this circuit good was effected, but nothing very remarkable.

In September, 1847, I was received on trial as a Preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist connexion; and was sent by the Conference to the Whitehaven circuit. Here I labored under many discouragements. Being far away from my friends and brethren in Christ,—in a wild, cold, strange country, and with people of the same character as the country,—in a miserably dirty town,—and meeting with but very little sympathy, and still less success,—my spirits sank, and I became, in a measure, indifferent to my pulpit preparations. However I was not so in reference to the souls of the people; for their salvation I labored, wept, and prayed: but when I have preached, and all in vain,—when I have proclaimed the terrors of the law, and no one trembled—the love of Christ and the scenes of Calvary, but no one wept—the necessity of immediate decision, and no one decided for God,—then, *then*, I have felt such a load of grief and depression as I cannot express; I was often ready to conclude that my commission was run out, and that the Lord would use me no more.

The following is an extract from my Diary, at Christmas 1847:—

"I really cannot bear to look back on the past year. Oh! what little have I done! 'Tell it not in Gath.' I was once made useful in the conversion of souls; but not so now. On this one thing I am resolved,—to fast and pray until souls are saved; and should the body sink, yet that would be better than staying here not knowing whether I am of any use or not." The mental depression which I suffered in consequence of the low state of the church and the perishing condition of sinners, while no one stirred himself to lay hold on God, was the cause, in a great measure, of a severe illness which resulted in typhus fever.

During the whole of my affliction my mind was kept in peace. My extreme weakness precluded those bright and sensible manifestations of the Divine favor, which many have experienced while in the furnace; all that I could do, was to hang on the Saviour, trust in the atonement, and commit my soul to God; and if my salvation had depended on any effort, I could not have made it. I was brought very low, and many expected I should never recover; yet the Lord gave me a longer space. In answer to prayer, He rebuked the disease; the fever owned His touch, and fled; and I was raised up to labor again, for a while, in the vineyard of the Lord.

On my convalescence, I was recommended to go into the country for a few weeks. I accordingly went to a farm house, some little distance from a dark and ignorant village called Cleaton. The second Sabbath I was there, I attempted to preach, but failed; the following evening, however, I made a second attempt, and succeeded better than I expected; the Lord gave me strength. Even in this dark part the "good work" commenced; the children of the Sabbath school first became affected; I have seen, perhaps, twenty of them calling for salvation at one time. This sight to me was very pleasing; I remembered the words of the Saviour,—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Afterwards, several young men and some women were convinced of sin, and professed to find the mercy they sought. In this work I labored imprudently; not being fully recovered from my late illness. I plunged, at once, into great exertions in preaching, exhortation, and prayer. I had then, as I have now, much to learn. If I had used more exercise in private and less in public,—if I had been more on my knees in secret before God, and less in the pulpit and the prayer meetings,—the work of God may have prospered much more,

and my health would have been less injured: however I trust I had one object in view, — that my "eye was single." When I think of my weak unworthy efforts, I am ready to cry out, "Lord help me! God be merciful to me a sinner! Oh! how infinitely precious is the atonement, — the blood of Christ! 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.'" After my restoration to health,—or rather, to a degree of strength, for to health I was never fully restored,—I saw some good effected in most of the places in the circuit. In Whitehaven, nearly every Sabbath evening, one or more was brought to the knowledge of the truth; three new classes were formed,—one a class of young men and lads, generally the younger teachers and elder boys of the Sabbath school. In meeting these, my soul has often been greatly blessed. Some of them professed to obtain the blessing of sanctification; a greater change I never saw; the one ceaseless cry of their hearts appeared to be, the salvation of sinners. Neither did they rest here; they tried to bring others to the Saviour; and for many weeks, as the fruit of their labors, we had our number increased every night of meeting. These were fair blossoms; may the Lord preserve them! Many pleasing instances of the triumphs of grace might be narrated. To instance one :—A woman being awakened by illness to a sense of her guilt and danger, came to our chapel, where her convictions were increased; and one evening, while we were interceding with God for her, she "found the pearl of great price." On this, she set up family prayer, and her husband was shortly after brought to God, and also a niece who was visiting at the house.

On the invitation of several friends, I went on a visit, for a few days, to Ambleside, in the vicinity of Windermere. A day or two before I left, there arrived a young female at the house where I was staying; she was very delicate; the hectic flush

was on her cheek, and it appeared that consumption was making silent, but rapid progress. She was quite gay, and thoughtless, living without God and without hope in the world. I felt a strong desire for her salvation. I conversed with her, and prayed for her, but without any effect. At last, I was going to leave, and had bidden adieu, when an unforeseen circumstance obliged me to stay another day: that evening we united in prayer for her, and I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing her a trembling penitent "at the feet of Jesus;" and, before I left, she was enabled to "rejoice in the Lord." She then put away her gay attire; and evidenced, by various marks, the *reality* of the change.

At the Conference of 1848, I was sent to the St. Agnes circuit, Cornwall. I went to my appointed field of labor fully expecting and believing that God would visit His people, and revive His work. On my arrival, my faith met with some strong discouragements. I found the church, generally, to be asleep; no present expectation of good, and a kind of fatalism appeared to prevail—that the Lord visited the different places in a manner irresistible, and without respect to the use of means—and that it was, therefore, of little use to try to promote a Revival. The consequence of this was, a listless, indifferent waiting until some powerful influence should come upon the church, and sinners should be *constrained* to call for mercy. Notwithstanding these and other discouragements, I continued to expect and believe; for more than four months my faith was tried; how it stood the test, may be gathered from an extract from my Diary.

"1848, *September*.—I am now in Cornwall. I believe the Lord has sent me here. I know that I shall hear a mighty cry for mercy; God will save. Abraham was 'strong in faith, giving glory to God.' Nothing it is true is yet done, but I have faith;

without a doubt, I have hold of God. I would rather die, than doubt the faithfulness of God. Here is the promise,—'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' These are the words of Christ, and I believe them. I 'desire,' I 'pray,' I 'believe;' I '*believe*' I shall see a revival; I 'believe' I 'receive' as much as if sinners on every hand were now turning to God, *and I shall have it.* It is true, as yet there appears to be no awakening; but the Lord is about to shake the people. Glory be to His name!"

"*November.*—I have felt much melting of heart of late. Revival is the cry of my heart. For the sake of Jesus,—His agony in the garden, His cross and passion on the tree, His precious death and burial, His resurrection and ascension to heaven,—'O Lord, revive Thy work:' for the sake of poor souls, redeemed by His blood, yet perishing in their sins and hastening to hell,—'O Lord, revive Thy work.' This, *this*, has been the cry of my soul ever since I came here; and shall I weep, and pray, and believe in vain? When I think of the thrilling truths of the Bible,—of heaven, and its joys,—hell, and its torments,—the soul, its value, destiny, and price paid for its redemption,—the blood, the groans of the Son of God,—Oh! I am ready to pour out my soul in me, and to cry day and night for the slain and dying around me. Lord, remember Thy promises, Thy covenant; remember Thy church, 'travailing in birth' for souls. Though there is nothing doing yet, (praise God!) I believe, I pray, I weep; and, in spite of men and devils, I venture on the naked promise; nothing is left but the promise, and, thank God! it is enough."

"*December.*—I want to cultivate a closer walk with God. Faith—mighty faith! Lord, help me to glorify Thy name.

'I hold thee with a *trembling* hand;'

but still I hold. 'I will not let Thee go.' Praise the Lord! I

feel willing (if it be the will of God) to pray, and weep, and cry, and believe on, and yet see no success. I view my object; and what is it? Lord, help me to glorify Thy name. This is my religion, and has been ever since I had any. If there were any other path, I would walk in it, and never preach again. Lord, help me! Thou knowest my heart,—this was my cry years since, it is my cry now, while I live it shall be my cry. Oh! that the time were now come—the long-expected, prayed-for time, the glorious time—when I shall be able to glorify God perfectly. This is the closing of another year; may the coming year be one of unexampled prosperity and devotedness to God."

Finding that ordinary means did not avail, I thought it our duty to use extraordinary. The first week in the new year, I spoke to my Superintendent on the propriety of holding special services at a village called Mithian near the circuit town. On his consent, and the consent and wishes of the Leaders, the meetings were commenced. I was there every night of the first week, except Monday. The attendance during the early part of the week, was slight, but it increased every evening. On Wednesday one or two women were awakened; on the following evening a few more; and on Friday I heard the *first* cry for mercy in Cornwall. We were all waiting before God in prayer. The influence of God's Spirit appeared to descend upon the people "like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth," when suddenly a woman at the bottom of the chapel, with a piercing cry, fell to the ground calling for mercy. With what intense earnestness did she say, "Lord, save a backslider, a poor backslider!" That cry affected the people much; some young men, I observed, turned pale and trembled. The church was encouraged to believe for greater things. I was very much concerned for the salvation of some young men who attended the meetings; for them I prayed, and to them I particularly

addressed myself. At length, after the meetings had been continued a fortnight, one of them began to yield; he fell down in the seat in which he was sitting, and, with a loud and bitter cry, said, he had resisted the influence from heaven—that for nearly a fortnight the Spirit of God powerfully strove with him, and he had hardened his heart, but now he could hold out no more. This circumstance very much alarmed his companions, who stumbled over him out of the chapel as fast as possible; but the power of God, the same evening, arrested both of them, and they fell to the earth as if pierced through with a sword. The following evening, I had the happiness of seeing these three young men in very deep distress, and also made happy in God. A spirit of faith, and expectation of greater things began generally to prevail. On the following evening, I opened the meeting with singing, and then engaged in prayer. My voice was, however, soon lost in the cries of the people; persons on every hand began to seek the Lord; and several, before the meeting closed, received the blessing of pardon, and went home rejoicing. After this, nearly all the young men in the place became converted. The work went forward, and the battle was driven to the gates.

Extracts from my Diary :—

"1849, *February 12th.*—I went to Trencreek. On my way there, I was called in to rejoice with some who had just found the Lord. Oh! how happy I was to hear the song of praise from those for whom I had prayed! At Trencreek, after the evening service, I was sent for to pray with a young Lady, who had been at the chapel and was so powerfully wrought upon, that on her way home she was constrained to cry aloud for mercy. We accordingly went and found her in deep distress. 'Pardon!' she exclaimed; 'Is there pardon for a vile sinner? Alas! my sins are

more in number than the hairs of my head.' The Saviour was set before her; she looked to him by faith, and looking she believed, and was saved. Oh! how great was the change! 'Now,' she said, 'I am happy; my sins are pardoned; my name is written in the book of life. I shall see my father and my sister again; they are now in glory; I shall meet them in heaven. She now published to all around what God had done for her soul; and, in a short time, her mother, father-in-law, and one of her sisters, joined our society; and, I trust, became converted to God. To Him be all the praise!"

"*February 27th.*—To day, I have felt very low and mean in my own eyes; but earnestly longing that God may be glorified. I had, this morning, great enlargement of heart and tenderness of soul in pleading for poor sinners. I brought some in particular before the Lord, and I felt I had hold of God; prayer prevailed. I was willing that God should work in the way He pleased: let Thy name be glorified, and poor sinners saved, and I will praise Thee. It matters not whether they are convinced through my instrumentality; but Oh! save souls! They are dishonouring God; they are trampling under foot the Son of God—the precious blood! oh! spare them! Lord, spare them! They are hastening to the flames of hell; save! O save!"

"*March.*—My heart of late has often swelled with gratitude to God, when I have seen many of the chapels in the week evenings, nearly filled with living witnesses of the power of God to save. Glory, *glory*, be to God for what He has done!"

"*April.*—I went to visit a family. I found two of the daughters happy in the Lord, but sorrowing for their mother. One of these found peace a few months ago, and after her conversion was very much persecuted; nevertheless she continued steadfast. These two sisters prayed for their mother, who was ill. For

a time, the mother was under no concern; but at length, the Spirit of God convinced her. She saw her danger, and sought mercy; and, in a few days, she said to her daughters, 'Now I know that God has pardoned my sins; I can love Christ, and am willing to go to Him.' Soon afterwards, she slept in Jesus."

CHAPTER IV.

IS APPOINTED TO LABOR IN THE BRIDGWATER CIRCUIT — HIS DETERMINATION UPON, AND SUCCESS SUBSEQUENT TO, HIS ARRIVAL THERE — FAILURE OF HEALTH AND CESSATION FROM THE MINISTERIAL WORK—INFORMATION FURNISHED BY MR. C. TOLEMAN, OF BRIDGWATER — EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY — DEATH.

The Conference of 1849 appointed me to labor in the Bridgwater circuit. *The following are Extracts from my Diary:—*

"*September.*—O what a scene of spiritual desolation! But now that I am here, I must try to do what I can. If it please the Lord to spare me, I am resolved to live very near to Him in prayer, preaching, and conversation. The Lord save!"

"*November.*—The Lord has been visiting his people. A few Sabbaths since, I prayed particularly for an outpouring of God's Spirit on the people of Bridgwater; but that day, my expectations were disappointed; and in nearly every meeting, that week, a cloud—dense and thick—seemed to hang over the church. The people of God could not pray with any power. The devil appeared to triumph; and sometimes I was tempted to give up the fight. Hell concentrated her forces, and made a desperate effort. The anguish of soul I suffered, the Lord only knows. The next Sabbath I spent mostly in cries to God; still I prayed, desired, believed. After the evening preaching, we held a prayer

meeting;—dreadful was the conflict. A Local Preacher gave an exhortation, but none came forward. I saw it must be now or never; and, with a heart almost bursting, I began talking to the people. Then God arose to our help; sinners were cut to the heart; some fled from the place, but about forty came forward, most of whom professed to obtain mercy."

The following information respecting the subject of the foregoing Memoir has been furnished by Mr. C. Toleman, of Bridgwater.

Soon after the arrival of the late Rev. H. B. Cox at Bridgwater, he called upon me; and, having heard that his last circuit was St. Agnes, Cornwall, I said to him, "I hope, sir, you have brought some 'Cornish fire' with you;" to which he replied, "That is the best fire which comes down from heaven." A union of feeling and a mutual friendship was at once commenced, and a correspondence begun, which continued between us as long as he lived. On his first Sabbath in Bridgwater, he had to preach sermons, in the afternoon and evening, in behalf of the Sunday school in connexion with our chapel. The afternoon congregation being small, and but little responding to his prayers, he felt much cast down and discouraged. I walked with him from the chapel to his residence, and told him that we had been, and still were expecting a Revival, and I believed we should have one. I soon found that I had touched a string that set his whole soul in motion; every faculty appeared to be aroused. We then began to converse on the most effectual means to bring about this glorious work. Soon afterwards, that dreadful scourge, the cholera, appeared in this town; and many persons, who before had neglected the house of God, were now driven, through fear, to attend the different places of public worship. Our chapel soon became filled with anxious and attentive hearers. The word of God came from him to the sinner's heart "with power, and the

demonstration of the Spirit;" and, in a short time, about fifty or sixty became converted to God, most of whom remain to the present time "stedfast in the faith,"— and, at the same time, Believers were quickened and "established in grace." At Westonzoyland, a considerable number, through his instrumentality, were truly converted to God; and in other parts of the circuit, seals were added to his ministry. Frequently has he said to me, that he could not live unless souls were converted. If a Sabbath should pass away without conversions, he appeared like one that had lost his dearest friend, in the deepest sorrow and dejection of soul; and the following morning, he looked like a person that had taken no rest. On one Sunday whilst here, I remember he accepted an invitation to take a cup of tea with a friend; no soul was converted that evening; and he said to me, "I shall do so no more, but will spend that time with God in my closet." He would often say,—"Prevail in secret, and success in public." His conversation generally turned on the revival of religion, and the work of sanctification in Believers. In reference to the latter, he would observe, "Persons enjoying it, have more power to resist evil, are much happier, and more useful." His visits were regular, and I knew at what hour to expect him: when he called on a Saturday, his first words generally were, "Well, Brother Toleman, how is your faith for to-morrow?" After having been absent in the country for a few days, he would on his return call on me, and anxiously enquire if any souls had been converted during his absence. If so, he rejoiced as one who had taken great spoil; if otherwise, he was much dejected. His sermons were not long, but pointed and impressive, causing the sinner to tremble. At prayer meetings, he would request those who engaged in prayer, to be short and fervent, to pray for a

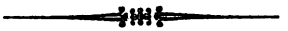
present blessing, and for the conversion of souls. Never shall I forget the fervency of his prayers; he would wrestle with God in mighty prayer, as if he would "pull souls out of the fire," and bring heaven down into every heart, until he was almost exhausted. In his exhortations, he would urge upon the people the necessity of deciding at once for God, relating some anecdotes of a most striking and impressive character, and also depicting the horrors of a lost soul in an awful and affecting manner,—not forgetting to dwell on the love of Christ, and the joys of heaven. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than seeing penitents come forward, and in that way publicly confess their sins, their determination to be "on the Lord's side," and seek Divine forgiveness. He appeared deeply impressed with the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and the importance of being always "ready" for death, often repeating the following verse—

> "Like crowded forest trees we stand,
> And some are marked to fall;
> The axe will smite at God's command,
> And soon will smite us all."

He labored in this circuit for God, for souls, and for eternity, as one "that must give account," for about five months, when the foundation of a disease was laid, which terminated in his death. There was never, I think, a young man in this circuit who lived more in the affections of the people, or labored with greater success. May the Lord raise up many more such useful characters, and send them into his vineyard!

About seven months after this, he visited Bridgwater again, intending to remain with me during the winter; but finding himself getting worse, he was obliged, a little more than a fortnight after, to return again to Sherborne. Whilst here, he felt

very anxious to preach the Gospel once more to the people; and was not easily persuaded not to do so.



The following are Extracts from his Diary, most of which were made whilst he was laid aside from the work of the ministry; and which are extracted to shew his state of mind during that period.

"I am now at Bridgwater. I came here with one object,—I want to see a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I am very low. Lord, help me; *Lord, help me:* for Christ's sake; *for Christ's sake!* I am now in exile; but I shall go to God. Christ will take me home to see His face; I shall see Him as He is; glory to God! I shall behold Him who loved me, and called me by my name!"

"1850, *July* 23*rd.*—I want this affliction to be fully sanctified. I have used means and remedies, but ah! I have not sufficiently sought to know the will of the Lord. Let me live to preach Thy word! I felt this morning an ardent love for poor souls. Lord, save them! For Christ sake, subdue them by hundreds, by thousands. Self-denial—prayer."

"*July* 30*th.*—I still am praying that the gracious designs of God in my affliction may be fulfilled. Shew me Thy will, O Lord; direct my path. Lord help me! Holiness; for this I cry, and pray, and pant. Holiness!"

"*August* 6*th.*—I want to know the will of the Lord, and then to do or suffer. I am willing to go or not to go, to do or not to

do; and if I cannot proclaim the salvation, I can pray for the success of those who do. I am going to ———. O for good, bodily and spiritual! Lord, help me to do my work, and then take me home. I have a conviction that my work is not yet done."

"*September 6th.*—It was impressed on my mind to go and see a poor man. I went, and God strengthened me wonderfully to talk and pray with him. He told me he had lived in sin forty years, but now he wanted salvation. Having directed him to a present Saviour, I knelt down and prayed. God heard and revealed Himself in his heart. Oh! how thankful I felt that I could do a little for God!"

"*Sunday, December 22nd.*—I went to Longburton, and was strengthened to exhort for a quarter of an hour. I am in the hands of the Lord. Oh! how sweet the thought; every thing else appears dark and gloomy. It appears probable that I may live for some time; but this I commit into the hands of God. I have had power to pray for my complete recovery, in submission to the Divine will, and this is what I must do for some time."

"1851, *January 2nd.*—Last Sabbath I went again to Longburton, took a text, and spoke about twenty minutes. Blessed be God, souls have been saved; and though I am worse, yet I do not regret. I must now pray, and live to God."

"*January 6th.*—I feel it impressed on my mind to use more self-denial. I look back on the past year, and see that I have not sought that the affliction may be fully sanctified: it is true, at times I have; but nothing continued—nothing regular. If I live nearer to God, use more prayer and self-denial, I believe God will raise me up to glorify his name—*to great holiness and usefulness*. I know the trials etc., but if I expect to attain to any thing great, I must expect great crosses. Lord help me!

But whether I am raised up or not, I know this, that if I live entirely to God, all will be well."

"*January* 13*th.*—I am convinced, I believe *fully* convinced, that I ought not to try to do any thing unless I am quite restored, for two reasons. *First*, I can do no good, nothing to the purpose; and *Second*, it hurts me materially. I have now to pray, exercise self-denial, and live to God. Pray, pray, pray. The more prayer, the more holiness; and the more holiness, the more prayer."

"*January* 26*th.*—I have felt lately some disposition and power to pray for my recovery; but may the will of the Lord be done! I should not pray for this, and urge my suit, unless I thought it my duty. O may God be exalted! I want to glorify God now, by perfect submission, by patiently, joyfully suffering. I am convinced that the Lord's dealings will be fully cleared up."

"*February* 3*rd.*—I have prayed for my immediate restoration, and have used means; but am now worse. May the great and glorious designs of God in my affliction, be fully answered! I know the faithfulness of God will not fail. May I remain stedfast."

"*February* 10*th.*—I have lately felt a sweet sinking into God; still praying that God may be glorified. Undertake, O Lord; undertake speedily! 'I wait for the Lord.' Notwithstanding the Atheism around me, I am resolved to trust in the Lord. Word came this morning that my lungs were gone, and that I was kept alive by appetite; also that God was saving the people in my last circuit, without my presence. Praise the Lord!"

"*March* 8*th.*—I have been pleading the promise, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' I am looking for deliverance, but there is no sign yet. The very thought of deliverance appears so delightful, that it

revives me when half dead. Lord, hasten the time! I am often oppressed with melancholy, great damps and clouds, so that I cannot see. But there is one thing—I am resolved not to doubt the *faithfulness of God.* Though all is dark, yet in some way the dealings of the Almighty will be cleared up. For instance, I thought it very mysterious in reference to my last circuit, that I should be laid low just as sinners were beginning to feel on every hand; but now the Lord is saving those very souls without my presence. Thus, in some way, will light burst forth. Lord, hasten the time!"

"*March 12th.*—It is the general opinion that I shall die next month, or the month after; and, indeed, if I look to probabilities, *it is very likely.* I have grown much worse for the last few weeks. I do not feel any persuasion that I shall die. Lord, deliver me, that I may glorify Thee! The Saviour sympathizes with my pain; when I am gasping for breath, He feels,—when I am in distress, He knows. O what consolation is here!"

"*March 22nd.*—I see the necessity of living to God *now;* now I can pray a little, but I want constant recollection, fervour of spirit, solemnity of mind. Lord, help my weakness! I thank God for saving me of late from those damps and melancholy feelings; I think they mostly arose from praying for my immediate recovery, looking for it, and being disappointed. O how much have I to learn; but the glory of God—that is all. Help me now! Help me to pray! Help me to wait!"

"*April 4th.*—I have been getting out a little lately in the garden, but I do not feel increased strength—no sign of deliverance. Last Sabbath I could pray for nothing but deliverance *this month,* to be taken home, or to be so raised up as to be able to attend the chapel comfortably. Almost every day I look for deliverance, but it comes not. I find a danger of impatience.

Save me! save me from that bitter curse—*a useless life.* O Lord Almighty, from Thy lofty throne, behold me in the dust; through Jesus Christ, hear this my prayer—*Deliver me!*"

His prayer was answered, and deliverance came—deliverance from the burden of the flesh; which event occurred on the 25th of April, 1851. Until a few days prior to his decease, he was enabled to take a little exercise; and when confined to his bed, he expressed his feelings in the following words,—"I am perfectly happy in God;

'Not a cloud doth arise.'

O heaven is a holy place! Heaven is a holy place!" His last words were, "Hard toiling;" after which, he soon gained the blest shore.

His remains were interred, at his special request, by the side of his departed mother, in the church-yard at Milborne Port, Somerset.

A funeral sermon for him was preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, Milborne Port, by the Rev. J. Bustard, and also in the Wesleyan Chapel, Bridgwater, by the Rev. W. Culcheth.

To some individuals, it may appear that his repeated prayers for deliverance had a tincture of impatience; but this would be viewing his case in an improper light. He saw the command, his duty, and the promise, ("Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me," Psalm l. 50.) to be applicable to his circumstances. His was a "day of trouble;" deliverance was promised; and he ceased not to call upon the Lord. Nor can we be surprised that he should have been so urgent for deliverance, when we remember his fervent prayer contained in his Diary—"*Lord, deliver me from that bitter curse, a useless life.*"

HYMN.

[ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER CUT OFF IN HIS USEFULNESS.]

"Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave; at noon from labour cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave; though like a fallen tree,
At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage crown'd,
Thy form may perish, and thine honors be
Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground;—

Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the Judgment-day in Jesus sleep.

Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere He rose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave:—no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word."

Montgomery.

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER AND SISTER, SHERBORNE.

My very Dear Sister.—I feel more than ever how liable I am to fall, without being upheld by the power of God. I have, in many instances, trusted to my own strength, and have not maintained a momentary dependance on God; and what was the consequence? My religious fervour abated, my love grew cold, and I grieved the Holy Spirit of God. Oh! methinks I could bear with cheerfulness, if the merciful God would inflict a punishment upon me because of my sins; but to think that my gracious Saviour is still shewing mercy towards me, notwithstanding I have justly deserved everlasting banishment from His presence;—this is almost more than I can bear. Yet I feel that the Sun of Righteousness has arisen in my heart,—has dispelled the ignorance of my mind; and I, "that was once darkness, am now light in the Lord;" and "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

I can say, with St. Paul, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you;" when I remember your patience, though I was so dull of apprehension,—your love, in that you tried to instruct me, though I was very, very unthankful for your very

kind exhortations, I am constrained to magnify the name of the Lord. I need not tell you how exactly my opinion coincides with yours. I feel that were there no God whose ear is ever opened to the cry of the righteous, I should indeed be miserable,—and herein I should be very thankful for your advice: I have for some time, interceded for two young men, and have set apart times for that purpose; and, while pleading with God, I have often had great spiritual enlargement. I have thought I have been enabled to pray in faith; but I see no fruits; they are still in their sins.

Have those for whom you have prayed, been convinced of sin when you have had power to believe; or, was it at some future period? I believe myself that God sometimes sees fit to try the faith and patience of His people, by not directly granting their desire. I have felt this passage sweetly applied to my heart, "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

My very Dear Sister.—I was so delighted, on the reception of your letter, to hear of your spiritual prosperity, that I scarcely knew what to do with myself; and as you have told me unreservedly of your condition, I think it would be but justice for me to do the same. You may, perhaps, remember at a class meeting that I said, "Were I to depart, I should be with Christ." I did, indeed, feel that my treasure and my heart was above; and I believe that had God then seen fit to take me, it would be to dwell with Him in everlasting blessedness. The chief means, under God, of my preparation, was reading "*Hervey's Meditations.*" It was, I might say, my only joy to

contemplate, or to meditate on the "glory to be revealed;" and now I can say, that my "life is hid with Christ in God," and that my "conversation is in heaven, from whence I look for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ." And now we are both candidates for a glorious immortality,—now we are journeying together through this howling wilderness, to the city of the living God. Then let us press forward; may we always grow in grace, be continually progressing in the Divine life. And above all, let us lay ourselves out for the service of our Maker and Redeemer. Surely He has a claim and right for all our talents,—He, who has given us every temporal blessing we enjoy, and has also given us a lively hope through grace of coming—after we have a little longer "endured hardness as good soldiers"—to the better land. As for myself, I cannot find opportunities enough to be engaged in my Master's work. I am led through the week to long for Sunday, because then I can do something for my God; and while employed in His service, I find abundant and present reward. You must not be surprised if the enemy thrust sore at you, particularly if you are resolved to stand boldly for Christ; but remember that the Lord has promised, "When the enemy comes in as a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him;" and the enemy particularly tempts those who are engaged in any public way in the service of God, and who are actuated with a zeal for His glory. I hope you will continue to lay hold of all the means of usefulness in your power; and I would not advise you to enter into conversation more than is absolutely needful with any one, except it be concerning the kingdom of God. I cannot find one, with whom I can enter into strictly profitable conversation long. We have indeed cause to cry to the Strong for strength, in order to avoid and to shun all the

errors of this evil world. O may we shine as burning luminaries, in the midst of a perverse generation! "And now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before His presence with exceeding joy, be glory and dominion and praise for ever and ever."

My very Dear Sister.—Your last letter was made a blessing to my soul. I find, indeed, that there is great need of perseverance in order to overcome the difficulties in the christian warfare; more especially in reference to prayer. I bless God that never before have I been enabled to plead for sinners so much as I have this month; yet experiencing no answer to my prayers, I have been several times under great heaviness. But I am determined not only still to pray, but yet more fervently. I have felt that if sinners are not saved, I am, as it were, undone; and sometimes I have thought that as I have not yet seen one sinner converted to God through my instrumentality, I am useless, and that I am doing no good; and O, it seemed to me much better to lie down in the grave than lead a life wherein I am not promoting the glory of God my Saviour. And the thought of death is not at all terrible to me, "having a desire to depart to be with Christ." Rejoiced I am, to know that you are making progress in the heavenly road. I have found much liberty in praying that we may "be filled with all the fulness of God."

Praise the Lord, I believe that he is working powerfully on the heart of my dear brother. I received a letter from him some time since, in which he shewed an earnest desire for the salvation of his soul. O blissful thought, that our little family shall join "the multitude that no man can number!" and I have no doubt that we shall; I cannot believe that he who has been the subject of so many prayers, should at last perish. Glory to God, though

there may be trials in the christian conflict, there are also joys unutterable,—which I have felt, which I am daily experiencing, in the love of Jesus. May the Lord grant that we all may be not only washed from all sin and defilement, but also constantly by prayer and praise walk with God! Amen. Amen!

MY DEAR SISTER, "WHOM I LOVE IN THE TRUTH."—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for all His spiritual blessings towards us; but more especially that He hath lately stirred us up to seek a closer walk with Him. I am daily receiving more and more of the love of Christ; and thus by looking unto Him who is "the Author and Finisher of our faith," I trust that I am enabled in some measure to reflect his image. My heart burns with desire to follow my blessed Lord in the regeneration. Being "begotten again," "old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." I feel, indeed, that Christ is infinitely precious; the love of Christ constraineth me to labor in His vineyard. Having received mercy of the Lord, I long that others may taste the same grace, may enjoy the same love, and be made partakers of the same heaven! Day and night, I pray the Lord to reveal His glory and save sinners. I am looking for more glorious manifestations of His willingness to save—for

"Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace;"

and though, as yet, my prayers have not been answered I am persuaded that soon I shall be enabled to "rejoice in the Lord." Let us endeavour to cultivate a momentary dependence on, and looking to Jesus; let us expect the fulness of the Spirit: we may ask it—we may *claim* it, through Jesus. I trust that our next meeting may be especially owned and blessed of God; and

in order that it may be so, let us pray earnestly to God, that great good may result, and that it may be for our spiritual advancement, and for the salvation of poor perishing sinners. I trust we shall ever remember that we are surrounded by those who are dropping into eternity without any hope of heaven; and who, perhaps, by our prayers and exertions might be rescued from sin and death. May the Lord bless each of us, and our dear father and mother. Amen, and Amen!

My Dear Sister.—I always find it a pleasure to write to you; and especially when it is relative to your spiritual growth in grace. "Not as though we had attained, either were already perfect." Indeed, seeing the great depths of self-abasement, and heights of divine love which I have not felt and enjoyed, I sometimes think that surely there is no creature that is so vile—so unworthy, as myself; seeing the many instances of His *great* love which I have slighted, there is surely no one so unworthy as myself! I do not say this, on account of any sins that I have indulged in lately; but it hath pleased God to give me a view of my own barrenness in so forcible a manner, that I was almost overpowered. I thought surely no one would ever take any notice of, or shew any kindness to me, who am less than nothing. I would willingly have placed myself lower than any rational creature. Thus the Lord has been pleased to shew me something of my own littleness. O that in nothing I may remember myself, but may all my actions, affections, and words, be swallowed up in God,—that I may take no thought for myself, but only care to glorify my God! O my sister, we may talk of the pleasures and bliss of heaven—of the perpetual joys of the redeemed—of the degrees of glory; but O to glorify God—that is all—that is above all. It is no matter

whether in heaven, or any where else,—either in the palace, or in the cottage,—if God be there, there is my heaven; this is all the paradise I want. We go not to heaven for any bliss we may experience, but to please, to love Him who hath first loved us; yea more, to be loved of Him more perfectly than we can on earth.

My Dear Sister.— To assure you that my affections are not all alienated from you, were needless; I feel that I love you, not only because you are my sister, but because of the master you serve.

If ever I enjoyed communion with God,—if ever I felt the spirit of prayer poured upon me, it has been this last month. O what glorious displays of the love of God have I been favored with! What an unspeakable tenderness and love to the Great Redeemer and to all His followers! Is it so with you, my sister? My dear sister, the Lord is willing just now to fill you with all his fulness. If you give up all, you will find Jesus; and, in Him, you will find fulness of joy.

You may remember that when I was with you, I professed to have obtained the blessing; but, as it did not cost me much to get it, I soon lost it again: however, after I parted from you, I began to feel most bitterly; and all the way afterwards, I felt such distress of mind as I never felt but once before. It seemed to me that I was cut off from every thing pleasurable or happy: but yet this was the means by which the Lord was pleased to give me that full salvation; for soon after I returned to Shepton, I obtained all "joy and peace in believing;" and, instead of being cut off from peace and joy, I was just then put in possession of "joy unspeakable." I feel now that I yet hold it fast. My experience is, indeed, not so clear as some,—my degree of

holiness is not so great as Mr. Fletcher and other eminent saints; but it is quite possible for me to be like them; and what is more, to be like Jesus. This then is what I am seeking, what I am panting after and longing for—more holiness. May the Lord grant that we may have the enlarged desire!

I would not exchange my present situation and employment for any other upon the face of this earth,—I mean spiritually; and what is my present situation? Happy in the love of God! Placed in the midst of two or three thousand perishing sinners, I can have but one employment, one thought, one desire—the glory of God, the salvation of souls. And what is my employment? I would answer in two words, — prayer and praise, endeavouring to turn sinners to righteousness. What a delightful situation; what a heavenly employment! Is not this worth striving for? and is it not attainable to all saints?

I do not think so much about Missionary work as I did; I am striving by the help of God to do good *now*. I know not where I may be some two or three years hence,—perhaps, in glory. I only desire to live for this—to bring honor to Him who is my Saviour, my Redeemer, my all. I feel now much of the heaven of love — much of that happiness I shall one day enjoy without measure or bound. Farewell, my dear sister.

My Dear Sister.—On Thursday last, when I was about to despair of ever living in the possession of the perfect love of God for any length of time, (for I acknowledge with shame that I had again lost it,) while I was bewailing my sad condition, the Lord entered into my heart and overwhelmed me with His love. The delight which I then felt was different to any feeling which I had ever experienced before. I appeared to myself as no-

thing—less than nothing—while Christ was all in all. It was the language of my heart,—"Let Jesus be glorified;

'I only for His glory burn,
And always see His face.'"

Since then, my evidence of entire sanctification has been clear as the noon-day sun. O, what inexpressible longings for the salvation of souls! What earnest desire for the glory of God! What hungering and thirsting after righteousness—for all the mind of God do I now feel! At times, I am delightfully conscious that there is, as it were, but a slight veil which separates me from the heavenly world. I have been almost enabled to hear the music of heaven—the hallelujahs of the redeemed—sweet notes from blest voices uttering joy! O, I trust that I shall never lose this blessing! I think it would be highly beneficial for each of us to engage in prayer for about a quarter of an hour every day (suppose we say, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon) that we may be filled with all "the fruits of the Spirit." Farewell.

MY DEAR SISTER.—Your letter, which came this morning, was *very* acceptable to me. I was rejoiced to hear that under your various trials you were still making progress in that way which leads to glory and to God. Our Saviour hath said, speaking to His disciples,—"Ye shall weep, but the world shall rejoice; but ye shall have joy, and your joy no man taketh from you." We must not judge of our holiness—of our walk with God, by the joy we feel; yet, most doubtless, we have joy,—and that sweeter, far sweeter than the pleasures of the world. Our heavenly Father sometimes sees fit, in His infinite wisdom, to

suffer us to be tempted, and in some measure to be cast down, that we may not fall into spiritual pride; and if we do His will, we shall again have His love more abundantly overpowering us. Will you, my dear sister, please not be in any way offended in my giving you some advice. I know that you are much more capable of exhorting me; yet sometimes we experience good by the weakest instruments. Try to be as often in private prayer as possible; continually offer up prayer and praise to God. *Learn* the Holy Scriptures: it is better than reading them many times. "And may the Very God of Peace sanctify you wholly—body, soul, and spirit!" May your walk with God be closer and closer still; and may we, at last, be welcomed by our Redeemer to the abodes of immortality! Amen. Amen!

My Father and Sister.—I address you under peculiar circumstances, of which, I think, it is not right that you should be ignorant; perhaps it would be as well to enumerate them. I have had it impressed on my mind for some time, that it is my duty to preach the gospel; accordingly I communicated my intentions and opened my feelings to one of the eldest Local Preachers in the circuit. He was very much delighted, and very soon found me some work to do. I went with him last Sunday week to a small village called Vobster, where I delivered my first address in much weakness. After the service was concluded, I was ashamed to look anybody in the face; but however I was rather encouraged by Mr. Fox, (the Local Preacher above referred to,) and the people were very kind. As it regards my call, I have not the least doubt. I believe that "woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel," and that I should incur the displeasure of God if I were to refuse. I asked permission of my master, last Sunday afternoon, to go to Gurney Slade, to which

he assented. They have a good size chapel there, and Mr. Fox wanted me to take the evening service. Alas! alas! when I came within a mile of the place, I was so overwhelmed with my own weakness and insufficiency to preach the gospel, and especially to such a congregation, that I dared not go in; so there I lingered about, as miserable as I could be, until Mr. Fox had taken his text, and then I crept in. I can hardly describe the intense mental suffering which I underwent; but I trust it will be a lesson to me, not to refuse taking up my cross in future. I trust that you are both well, and in great spiritual prosperity.

MY DEAR FATHER AND SISTER.—It is now a month since I was with you; time passes swiftly away. During this month I have not made that improvement which I could have wished; but yet if I had employed the days that are passed and fled as I have the days of this month I should be now different to what I am,—my piety would be much deeper, my knowledge more extended, and my usefulness increased; but it is useless to mourn over neglected opportunities. I am determined, by the help of God, to "work" now "while it is day, for the night cometh, in which no man can work,"—and my poor body will have rest enough in the grave. I feel the seeds of mortality are sown within me;—I have, at present, a cough and a cold, and otherwise indisposed; but "this mortal must put on immortality," and (blessed be God!) "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I can appeal to Him and say, "Thou knowest that

'I only for Thy glory burn.'"

I know, indeed, there are some who when they attain to a certain state of grace, there they remain, and appear never

afterwards to make any progress; but may God forbid that I should: rather would I lay down this moment and die, than live useless.

Sabbath evening.—I am now returned from laboring for the Lord in the country; and the Lord has been with me, even as in ancient days. O, I have had a blessed day; my soul has been "watered" from on high; and I now see the way in which I have been walking, is the right way,—I mean as it relates to the last month.

My Dear Father and Sister.—I have been on a visit to the Lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland; I was away nearly a fortnight. I can convey to you very little idea of the beauty of the scenery; it exceeded all I have ever seen, or ever thought of. I went from Whitehaven on the Thursday afternoon, and took tea at Egremont where there are some precious souls, and where God has given me many seals to my ministry. These are to me

> "Better than daughters or than sons,
> Temples Divine of living stones,
> Inscribed with Jesu's name."

From thence I went to Santon, and supped with good Friend Swan, whose son and daughter were converted the last time I was there. The following morning they drove me a considerable distance towards the Ulverstone circuit. I preached there on the Friday evening, and slept at good Friend Alisons, who lent me his pony to go over the hills. The good man was affected, even to tears, when I had to leave him. There were three of us, and we knelt down among the fells, and committed each other to the grace of God. From thence I went on to Ambleside, near the Windermere Lake. These people had invited me

over, and they had given out for me to preach three times on the sabbath, which I did, and there was a noise and a shaking, and the cry was heard, "What must I do?" and together with this, was mingled the song of praise. I staid with them till the Saturday, and then I was compelled to return, though they would fain have had me stay longer. They want me to come with them altogether: but the Lord direct me!

* * * * *

Praise the Lord, I seem to have clearer views of faith. It is a strange thing now for me to preach without seeing good done —souls saved. Last Sunday week, at Whitehaven, two were justified and one sanctified. I was asking one of them last night how she was going on; her reply was, "The Lord has cast my sins, as a stone, into the depths of the sea."

O, I thought when I was sailing down the Windermere, amid the most enchanting scenery, and the sweetest music,—What is all this, to the salvation of precious souls? My class of young men felt this; and the cry with them is,—"Lord save souls." And now I must say, Farewell!

My Dear Father and Sister.—This is the cry of my heart,—"O Lord, revive Thy work." For the sake of Jesus,—His agony in the garden—His cross and passion on the tree—His death, precious death, burial, and ascension to heaven,—"O Lord, revive Thy work;" for the sake of perishing sinners, the purchase of His blood, and yet fast dying in their iniquities,—"O Lord, revive Thy work." This is my cry all the day long,—when I rise in the morning, when I retire in the evening, when I am in my study, in the house, and in the road. This has been my cry ever since I came into this circuit; it is my cry now.

And more than this, I have hold on God. I claim the promise; and as sure as I am in existence, so sure shall we have a revival in this circuit. It is true, I have nothing wherein to trust, save the naked promise; but this is enough; I feel it is sufficient; I want nothing more. There are no conversions to cheer, no evidence particular; but there is the *promise*. We cannot here rejoice as you are rejoicing at Sherborne, in seeing sinners returning to God; but faith—mighty faith! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

I believe one is gone safe home to glory, in whose conversion I was, in some measure, an humble instrument, since I have been here. There is a "good work" beginning at one of the country places, but nothing special as yet.

And so Sherborne is visited at length. I hope the work will go on to deepen and extend, and that multitudes will be converted to God!

I have been at St. Agnes now nearly three months; does it appear three weeks? I pass my time very pleasantly, and have much power and sweetness in private prayer. My Superintendent and Lady are every thing I could desire; the air is bracing and mild; the people affectionate; and the chapels crowded to excess. The people listen with great attention, are generally intelligent, and highly esteem their ministers.

And this is all I can say. We are just now like the dry bones in the Valley of Vision. "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." And now Farewell.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS TO MR. AND MRS. TOLEMAN, BRIDGWATER.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. TOLEMAN.—I received your kind letter this morning. It was very welcome; for I had been expecting to hear from you for some days. I am glad to hear you have a supply—that he is agreeable, stirring etc. I hope he will be made the instrument of turning many sinners to God. At the same time, I am sorry to find that some have fallen from grace. O that they may be quickly restored! You say your congregations are not so good, of late, at Bridgwater. I think if you were all to unite in prayer and effort, God would more abundantly pour out his Spirit. No conversions lately! May the Lord have mercy on the professors at Bridgwater! What are you all about? How can you live, without seeing souls saved? God has given his Son, the Lord Jesus died on the cross, the atonement is made, the Spirit is sent to convince; what is wanting, but the fervent, believing prayers of God's people? How is it that hundreds at Bridgwater have not turned to God? It is *knee work* my brother, my sister; it is *knee work*. Here is the secret,—"Prevail in secret, success in public."

"My powerful groans Thou can't not bear,
Nor stand the violence of prayer,
The prayer omnipotent."

How is the work of sanctification going on? Do you enjoy it? Glory be to God, at last, I now can say, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth *me* from all sin." I believe this affliction will be a glorious one to me; perhaps it may terminate in death, and then it will be glorious indeed. I trust, I believe that Christ will be magnified in me, whether by life or death. I have done a little for God in the world; O it is very little; I wish it had been more, for alas! I can do nothing now, but still I can glorify God in patiently suffering His will. My health is very little, if anything, better; "the will of the Lord be done!"

Monday morning. — Yesterday I felt much better; went to chapel morning and evening, for the first time since I left Bridgwater. And now I must say, farewell. I should like much to see you all.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. TOLEMAN.—My thoughts often refer to Bridgwater and the Bridgwater circuit. How gladly would I, if the Lord permitted me, once more publish to the different congregations the common, the free, and the full salvation; but I cannot indulge any reasonable hope that I shall labor any more before the next Conference; and if I do then, it will be more than many expect. I speak according to present appearances: the Lord may, in answer to prayer, heal me in a month, or a week; for with God nothing is impossible. When I think of heaven, as I often do, I long to be there; the things of earth appear very low and mean, and eternity—the thoughts of eternity are very sweet to me. Sometimes, I seem to have done with the world. Oh! I believe when the fire has made me bright, I shall go to my God. I am praying that God would fit me for His service, and use me for His glory; if my work is done on earth, then that He would quickly fit me for His ser-

vice in heaven, and take me home to Himself. "Heaven," as Robert Hall says, "is constantly enriching itself with the spoils of earth." I long for better company—a purer air; yet I hear the cry of perishing thousands; I hear it each day, and would gladly live

"To spend and to be spent for those
Who have not yet my Saviour known."

I am glad to hear you are drawn out in prayer, for "Zion's peace." Claim the promises; but, above all, live near to God. O! how much there is in this! The Lord cannot answer our prayers, because we have not sufficient humility to bear it: we cannot see success, without being "exalted above measure!" I hope I shall soon hear of your prosperity. The coming season is, indeed, thought by many to be unfavorable for a revival of the work of God; but I have known revivals at all seasons of the year, in Agricultural districts: in the midst of harvest I have seen "the power of God" manifested. I trust none among you will urge the senseless excuse that summer is approaching, therefore it is no use to pray for a revival,—wait until the winter, etc. Send all such doctrine to the place from whence it came. I wonder not that you are tempted: they who make war with hell, must expect to feel hell's rage. As it respects the vote of thanks at the Quarterly meeting, I think that I did only my duty;—no, I do not say so, for I fall very far short of my duty. And now, Farewell. I thank you for your letters.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. TOLEMAN.—I was rejoiced to hear, on the reception of your letter, that the falling away at Bridgwater is not very serious. Those persons you mentioned

I well remember, and think their piety was not deep. I was well pleased also with the encouraging statement concerning your classes; and I have no doubt Mrs. Toleman could give me an equally pleasing account in reference to her class. My health continues near the same; the cough is very troublesome, and my physical strength is small. I find it hard work to keep silence, and to live uselessly. Poor souls, alas! no man cares about them! Both in Sherborne and Stafford, the churches are asleep, *and sinners are stumbling, by scores, over lukewarm, devilish professors into liquid flames.* I speak advisedly; I am not trifling; and I would fain, once more, with weeping eyes, and a heart full,*—yes, *full*, the Lord knows I have many a time gone into the pulpit with a heart quite full,—I would like to exhort sinners. This, indeed, I could do now, for I have tried, having preached once; but I should last only a few months, and then certain death: my only chance of recovery is, remaining perfectly quiet for twelve months. O! how weak I am! I do fear that if I should gather any strength, I should do something; but this, if I should come to Bridgwater, you must once and for ever prohibit. I shall be glad to receive the long letter; O! I like long letters.

* A friend remarked concerning him, that, when in the pulpit, he evidently felt the vast importance of the work in which he was engaged. He appeared to feel that the eternal destiny of the souls he was addressing, depended, in a great measure, upon him; and as he proceeded in preaching, the "powers of the world to come" seemed to take possession of his soul; he would then draw aside the curtain which conceals the invisible world—heaven and hell were revealed; and when conscious that he had rivetted the attention of his audience, he failed not to improve the precious opportunity, urging upon their consideration the things which belonged to their eternal peace. The affections and passions of his hearers speedily became aroused: love, fear, and hope start from their slumbers, and the whole moral being awakes.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS TO MR. T. HAYWARD, A LOCAL PREACHER, YEOVIL, AND A LETTER FROM MR. T. HAYWARD, RESPECTING HIM.

DEAR BROTHER HAYWARD.—I was very glad to receive a few lines from you, and to hear of your spiritual prosperity. May the Lord bless both you and me with a burning love for the souls of men! Two weeks since, I was deeply impressed with the fact, that souls were perishing. I felt so before. It seemed to me as if they were crowding one over the other down the broad road, and that they were falling over the verge down to the abyss below. It appeared as if I could hear their shrieks as they sunk into everlasting flames, and could see the burning pit where the lost souls were writhing in "the devouring fire." I lifted up my voice and my heart to God, and prayed that these poor souls may be plucked out of the fire. The spirit of prayer was given to me, and to those around me. "Lord, save souls," was the cry; and yet again, "Lord, save souls;" and, after a while, "Lord, we believe Thou wilt save souls;" and yet again, "We know Thou wilt save souls! Glory, glory be to Jesus; we shall have a revival,—sinners will be converted!" From that time I have had an unshaken confidence that the Lord will work in this circuit. Prayer has entered heaven; it has vanquished

the powers of hell; and though there is nothing very remarkable now, yet prayer has prevailed, and we shall have a revival! I bless God that every week, or nearly every week since I came here, sinners have been convinced or converted. At Whitehaven, last Sunday, one person was set at liberty, and one person the Sunday before, and many are seeking salvation.

I feel, at the present moment, that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth *me* from *all* sin." Let us preach, publish, confess, and enjoy a *full* salvation.

"Happy if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name."

I have much to do; but Jesus is with me, and I shall behold His salvation; "then she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her which said unto me, 'Where is the Lord thy God?'" *Micah* vii. 10.

My Dear Brother Hayward.—As I have considerable leisure on my hands, (being able neither to study or preach,) I now take up my pen to address a few lines to you. I have been in the fire, but I am not burnt,—in the water, but there has no hurt come to me. O what an unprofitable laborer have I been in God's vineyard! I see it now,—I have often seen it before; O may I be better! As for you, my Brother, since you have known the Lord, you have always been zealous in His cause; when I think of you, I am ashamed of myself. But yet press on, my Brother. If the devil can gain an advantage over you he will: perhaps, even now he is trying hard; and who can tell his power to destroy or dim your confidence in God; but "resist the devil, and he will flee from you." We have not been doing much of late in this circuit. Before I was ill, many glorious displays of converting and sanctifying grace did I witness.

The outcasts have been gathered in, the vilest character reclaimed, the backslider restored, the believer sanctified. How do you get on? Do you work well with Mr.——? Oh! I have many dear friends in Stalbridge, Holwell, Longburton, Middlemarsh etc; I should like to see them all. I was glad to hear that one and another have been converted, at different places in your circuit. And now, my Brother, let us be resolved to do something; let us put on our armour, and go forth to meet the foe; let our sword be wet with the blood of the slain; let our hands be loaded with spoils;—may the cries of the wounded and dying be heard in every direction, and may God Himself arise to help us! Amen!

DEAR BROTHER HAYWARD.—To tell you what I have seen, and heard, and felt, since I have been in Cornwall, would take me a day, and then much would be left untold. The Lord has been lately wonderfully reviving his work in this circuit; and, within the last two months, there have been many plucked as brands from the burning. The work is still going on. Nearly every night for many weeks, I have heard the cry for mercy, and the song of praise. Sometimes I have been so overpowered with the love of God while preaching, that I have been obliged to stop, and give vent to my feelings, while the congregation have been almost universally weeping or crying aloud for mercy. Many times the cries of the mourners have been so great that my voice has been drowned and quite lost, though I have spoken as loud as I could. I have seen sinners drop down as if slain in battle. Glory be to God, I am expecting greater things than these. We live in "latter day glory,"—in the very time in which God has promised to "pour out" His "Spirit upon all flesh." And now, my dear Brother in Christ, I must say, Farewell.

DEAR MR. COX.—I have sent the letters I received from your dear departed Son, and you can make what use you please of them. I am glad I had the privilege of such an intimate acquaintance with him. I never met him without being quickened and blessed. His extensive usefulness does not so much surprise me, when I consider the dependance he felt on God. When I have accompanied him to his appointments, I have witnessed his burning love for souls, and the desire he felt for their salvation. If we could secure any private spot along the way, he would say, "We must ask God to be with us, that souls may be saved." We have knelt together, and wrestled with God in mighty prayer, for His power to be made known, till our faith has laid hold on the promise—"It shall be done."

In all my intercourse with him, I never heard any thing from him, or saw any thing in him, but convinced me that his *one object* was, the glory of God in the salvation of sinners. For this, he read, prayed, labored,—in a word, *lived.* And yet the salvation of souls was not so earnestly sought *to the neglect of his personal piety,—he lived near to God.* He enjoyed and preached a full salvation. Still, on one occasion, he told me he believed God had corrected him, by affliction, for not living to Him more, and for not dwelling more on this great salvation. He thought humbly of himself. But he is removed from us. His was a short, but a useful life. I never expect to meet one again with whom I could labor so pleasantly, or one so absorbed in the Christ-like work of saving souls. May his mantle fall on many, prays

Your sympathizing Brother in Christ,

T. HAYWARD.

LINES

PRESENTED TO THE [LATE] REV. H. B. COX, ON HIS LEAVING THE WHITEHAVEN CIRCUIT, AUGUST, 1848.

"Go, blessed servant of the Lord;
Go, fight and win at His command,
Who called thee first to preach His word,
And holds thee in His gracious hand.

Go fight and win in Jesu's name,
Who wash'd thee in His cleansing blood;
Go, and His mighty power proclaim,
And lead poor sinners back to God.

Go, trusting in His mighty arm,
Whose power can all thy foes defy;
Nor can the powers of darkness harm,
While He, the mighty God, is nigh.

Go, in the power of faith and prayer,
In patience still possess thy soul;
And He who bears thy every care,
Shall make thy wounded spirit whole.

And God shall still thy labors own,
And give thee many souls at last;
And bright shall be thy glorious crown,
When all thy labors here are past.

Thy happy spirit then shall rise
Far, far above this world of care,
To triumph far beyond the skies
And I, Oh! may I meet thee there."

M. A. Z.

F. G. Dowty, Printer, Cornhill, Bridgwater.